MANS MAY

OR

A Moneths minde:

WHEREIN

The libertie of mans minde is *compared to the Moneth of* MAY.

BY

PETER SMALLE *Batchelour* in the Lawes.

Cerne quod insidiæ sacris à vatibus absunt,
Et facit ad mores ars quoq; nostra bonos.

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1615.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO ALL GENTLEMEN STVDENTS and Schollers.

THe sweet sense-pleasing Moneth of pleasing *May*,
That makes the herbes, and trees, and flowres spring,
Did cause my muse that ne're before could say,
To loose her tongue, and Satyres now to sing:
Though barren, harsh, not worthy your attention,
Strecht on the slender taste of my inuention.

Euer first fruits, doe slender buddes containe,
Which by Disdaine, cold frost may quickly perish,
And therfore prayes the bloomes may fauour gaine,
And that like *Phœbus* warmth ye would them cherish:
And if drie things may be renewd with fauour,
Well may they thriue, and yeeld a pleasant fauour.

Yours *Peter Smalle.*

TO THE READER THE Authors Resolution.

Let him that feares the stabbe of enuious tongue,
Slumber in silence couer'd with the night:
I hate such Cowardise of minde, he wrongs
His Muse too much, that cares for Enuies spight:
Enuy (like Quailes) on poyson doth delight
To feede, and with his breath infecting all things,
May easily destroy these silly small things.

But those that carrie generous mindes indeed,
Will pardon errour, and commend endeuour.
As for the enuious (which on poyson feede)
Whose peeuish humours will be pleased neuer,
Of such to be dispraysed had I leuer,
Then to be prais'd, because their prayse can be
No other, but the fame of infamy.

Those that are courteous will encourage her,
Those that are curriſh will rebuke my Muse:
As to the first my selfe I doe referre,
So with the last, all friendship I refuse,
Scorning that wounde as base that to them sue's;
The courteous nature nothing can offend,
Nor will the curriſh nature ought amend.

P. S.

TO THE RIGHT VVorshipfull, my most louing good friend, Sir HENRY BLOMAR of Hatherup, in the County of Glocester, Knight.

RIght worthie Sir, in stead of greater treasure,
Now at your feete I here lay downe my burden,
If you vouchsafe to reade it at your leasure,
My time 's well spent, and I haue gain'd my guerdon,
The matter, meeter, manner, man and Muse,
Shewes will, not skill in shewing Times abuse.

Parnassus hill I doe not seeke to scale,
Nor drinke of *Aganippe* one poore drop;
My Satyres cannot tell a filed tale,
But yet plaine truth shall surely be my prop.
My zeale, I trust, shall vanquish *Zoylus* spight,
My meaning well may *Momus* put to flight.

Your Worships in all dutie,

most affectionate,

PETER SMALLE.

AD EVNDEM.

TO you in whom the Graces haue their dwelling
In whom the Muses make their mansion,
That are for Learning, and for Art excelling,
For sweet conceit, and sharpe inuention:
To you I send this infant Muse of mine,
To whom true iudgement doth her seate resigne.

Yours to command,

PETER SMALLE.

Mans May.

I Craue no helpe from Muſes ſacred hill,
Nay begge the blottings of *Apollo's* quill.
Our Poets make them poore by ſeeking oft,
To cauſe their low inuention ſoare aloft:
Vpon this age Ile fleſh my forward pen,
Baiting a craſh at heads of brutiſh men.
Deare Satyres, of pure hatred let me heare
Your harſh ſadde muſicke in my ſullen eare;
And though *Polydamas* ſpeake *Labeo* haird,
Feeding Cameleon-like his mouth with ayre;
Satyres haue harm-full browes that will not paſſe,
At fawning dogges, nor winſing of an Aſſe:
So ſhall this Moneth which *Flora* wont beſtrew
With ſweeteſt flow'rs, and waſht with faireſt dew,
Be yours to dance in, ſtand you not too much
On equall meaſure, or delightfull touch:
Yet touch as Surgeons do to finde the ſore,
An happy touch that makes men ſicke no more.
For long the world hath taken moſt delight,
To do not what it ought, but what it might.
So faireſt *May* is daſht with fowleſt ſkie,
Mantled with cloudes of all iniquity:
And *February* wits, though wanting dayes,
March forth to publiſh out their beſt aſſayes:

The fault must needs be theirs, and none of thine,
(O *Cynthia*, the Sunnes reflectiue shine)
And yet it may be, since each mortall sence
Is guided by thy changing influence:
By which dimme shade, if glistering faults I see,
Faire Guide, I am but lunaticke with thee;
Vices want no deuices, this worlds stage
Makes them best Actors of this worlds worst age:
Play on, while I begin a pleasant Sceane,
I treble not, but play an honest meane.
But howsoeuer, since all things goe round,
Ile sing a deskant to a mone-full ground:
I will not *Aiax*-like desire to winne
A seuen-fold buckler to a seuen-fold sinne,
But quite vnrip the target, and from thence,
Truths foes can finde no manner of defence.
Of one first lump, both first and last are made;
To one last period all in time shall fade:
But many seuerall formes one world containes,
By monstrous mixtion of vnsetled braines.
Homers Chimera is our humours mate,
Our times afford vs neither time, nor date.
Of essences, and formes and shades I sing,
Old changes sung before, new changed I bring.
Liues change, but not Cameleons changing skins,
That giue a colour to deceitfull sinnes.
Physicians say our yeeres are short, and fewe,
Yet no Physician can this life renew:
No not the whole Horizon, though it see,
And comfort flowers that in *May* may be:
I will not christen thee with other name,
I will not flatter thee, the world I blame:

For thou art soueraigne Lady of the spring,
That doest sweete flowers but fading flowers bring,
Control'd by sun-shine, that the world may say
The world is but an age, man but a *May*.
The Sunne may be eclipsed, yet his light
By heauens direction euermore is bright:
Mans great eclipse cannot so soone againe,
The wonted light of humane eyes containe.
So, a liue man is but an houres enduring,
Dead-men, the graues-men of a long assuring:
With them no *May*, but to the liuing flowers,
Abusers of good times, and granted houres,
To them that may be their age ornament,
A louing bitter line, or two, is sent,
A darke description, but where vices may
See what they doe, and what my Muse can say:
All as this Month ygert with garlands faire,
Refresheth all the earth with sweetest ayre:
So Libertie with freest gifts of minde,
Doth beautifie the soule that's well inclinde:
So much th'equiuocation signifies,
Which mans estate graceth, and dignifies.
God gaue men wit, and wit presumes on will,
When beasts are kept in due obedience still;
The Horse is backt, and beaten with the roddc,
The Oxe is yoakt, and pricked with the goad;
The first man once had liberty of minde,
Either to good, or ill to be inclin'd:
Now men do much abuse this libertie,
Applying it to filthy Luxurie,
To Pride, to Enuie, Wrath, and Gluttony,
To Drunkennesse, to Slouth and Lechery.

He is not now a Gallant, as they terme it,
Except his gay apparrell doth affirme it.
He is not now a cunning Politician,
That is not full of Enuy and ſuſpition.
Hee's counted now a Cowe that will not ſwagger,
And for a word will not haue out his dagger;
The Rich-man now a dayes doth richly feede,
And yet he pitties not the poore mans neede:
He that will not be drunke for company,
Is held no currant Caualier to be.
The meane mans childe that was ordain'd to toyle,
Had rather daily begge, then daily moyle.
The world is now as full of lechery,
As faithleſſe friends are full of trechery.
In briefe, there is no Vice but it is vſed,
Whereby this liberty is much abuſed;
Whereof I ſpake before, like him that's bound
Vpon a iourney, and at length hath found
Two wayes, whereof the one is faire and plaine,
The other, briers and brambles doth containe;
Yet wilfully he takes the worſer way:
Who'l pitty ſuch a one that needs wil ſtray?
Or, like him that a pebble ſtone doth take,
Becauſe it's ſet in gold, and doth forſake
A Diamond, becauſe it's ſet in ledde;
Eu'n ſo is vice with pleaſure ouer-ſpred,
And doth mans minde to her affection draw,
Like as the Iette attracts the yeelding ſtraw.
O Libertie, O precious Liberty!
Precious indeed, if it as it ſhould be
Were vs'd of man, but man doth much abuſe it,
Becauſe to feede his humour he doth vſe it.

The King of kings made man the king of creatures,
Framing his ſhape the faireſt of all features,
And gaue to him a reaſonable ſoule,
To follow faire things, and to fly the foule:
And though he likewiſe gaue him libertie,
Yet Reaſon ſhould (by right) his Tutor be,
And teach him how to vſe it, as he ſhould,
And not to vſe it as his fancy would;
For Reaſon, and our carnall appetite,
Are neuer friends, but euer more do fight,
And combate in our mindes, and though the yonger,
Yet carnall apperite is ſtill the ſtronger.
Reaſon perſwades, but pleaſures do entice,
The firſt to Vertue, and the laſt to Vice:
But commonly enticements do preuaile,
When Reaſon, Counſell, and Diſcretion faile.
The way to ſin is ſweet, till men haue beaten it,
As the Apple was to *Eue*, till ſhe had eaten it.
Then whil'ſt that *May*, and liberty doth laſt,
Let Vertue, (and not Vice) be ſtill imbraſte:
May is the pleaſant'ſt Month in all the yeere,
And doth the heart of man with gladneſſe cheere;
May is the ſigne of the potentiall Mood,
And doth in it all liberty include.
Whil'ſt ſinfull man may of his ſins repent him,
Let him not Time neglect, whil'ſt Time is lent him.
Whil'ſt that a man may to promotion clime,
Let him not loſe irreuocable Time.
For as the Tide, ſo Time doth paſſe away,
And will for neither rich nor poore man ſtay.
Whil'ſt one may ſtudy and apply his booke,
Let him not (Fiſh-like) ſwallow pleaſures hooke.

Whil'ſt one may labour, and take paine to liue,
To Idleneſſe his minde let him not giue,
Whil'ſt one may haue a thing, a thing that's offerd him,
Let him not leaue the thing, which Time hath proferd him:
Whether it be Preferment, Art, or Glory,
Health, Wealth, or Pleaſure which are tranſitory.
The man that may, and will not mend his ſtate,
May not redreſſe it when it is too late.
Time is ſo ſwift that none can ſtay his courſe,
Time is ſo ſtrong that none can match his force.
Like to a Thiefe, Tyme ſtealingly doth haſte,
No man can call Time backe when Time is paſt.
Time ſtill deſcrib'd in Bookes thus we finde,
Buſhy before, but very bald behinde.
Euen as the Bee ſucks Hony out of Thyme,
So may a man ſucke ſweetneſſe out of Time.
Thyme is a ſweete flower, Time a ſweeter word,
And more commodity doth farre afford:
But euen as the Spider poyſon ſucketh
From that ſame herbe, from whence the poore Bee plucketh
The pureſt hony: So the ſlothfull Wight,
That doth in nought but Idleneſſe delight:
Sucks ſowre from ſweet, ſucks gall in ſtead of hony.
Time cannot be recall'd for loue, or money,
Time is as ſwift as thought, the ſwift'ſt wing'd Swallow
Cannot endure the flight of Time to follow:
Time is of the Vbiquitaries race,
Time's here, Time's there, Time is in euery place,
Time is diuided in a three-fold ſumme,
Time paſt, Time preſent, and the Time to come.
Of preſent Time I preſently intreat,
For therein lyes the ſumme of my conceit:

For Time (once past) can neuer be recal'd,
And therefore is he feyned to be bald:
So Time to come, vntill it present be,
Is neither *May*, nor Opportunitie.
Prudence, *Fore-care*, and *Diligence* (they say)
(With fit occasion) are the flow'rs of *May*.
And these in Winter doe as faire appeare,
As in the Summer-season of the yeere.
Carelesnesse, Sloth, Excuse, and times delay,
With Ignorance, are tearm'd the weedes of *May*:
And these are neither sweet, or faire appeare,
Neither in Spring, nor yet in all the yeere.
May, may be fitly tearm'd (in my opinion)
The Mistris of the Moneths, and Natures Minion:
May Natures beauty, beautifying Nature,
May Natures ioy, delighting euery creature,
All Natures Impes she trimmes with colours gay,
And glories her rich beauty to display,
Decking the bosome of the Earth with flowres,
Nose-gayes for Ladies and their Paramours.
In *May* the little buddes do sprout, and spring,
In *May* the little Birds do chirpe and sing:
In *May* the earth is clad in gaudy greene,
To entertaine and welcome Sommers *Queene*.
The Winde doth whistle Musicke to the leaues,
They dance for ioy, thus eu'ry thing receiues
Pleasure by *Mayes* approach, and true content,
And doth reioyce with generall consent,
And striue (in emulation) who shall be
Most richly clad in Natures liuery,
To entertaine the Parragon of Time,
Each thing is in his chiefest pomp and prime.

But amongst all that multitude and choyce,
Ceres, and old *Syluanus* most reioyce,
Shee in a kirtle, he a coat of greene,
He like a Forrester, she like a Queene.
And faire Queene *Flora*, th'ornament of bowers,
Clad in a gowne embroidered all with flowers,
Is not the last that with a ioyfull cheere,
Doth entertaine this Minion of the yeere.
Some *May* in time, some *May* before *May* come,
Some neuer-*May*, some make their *May* in *Iune*;
Take *May* while *May* is; for it hath his date,
When *May* is gone thou climb'st the Tree too late:
Nay whilst *May* lasts, we do bestow it ill,
According not to wisdome, but our will;
(Our wicked will) which makes the world to be,
So full of sinne, and all iniquitie.
Repentant pleasures do mans minde entice,
And liberty conuerted is to vice.
Vnbridled youth doth runne a wilfull race,
Because it scornes graue counsaile to embrace.
Old feeble age should be the thaw of Vice,
But now its growne the roote of Auarice.
It should be godly, and religious;
But now its way-ward, and suspicious:
This is an Iron-age to wofull want,
(To him whose fare is care, whose store is scant)
But 'tis a golden age vnto the wealthy,
(To them whose mindes, and bodies both are healthy)
Poore *Lazarus* doth pine at *Dives* gate,
That 's clad in purple, and in cloth of state,
Who casts to Dogges the fragments of his meat,
Rather then *Lazarus* the same should eat.

Vaine pleaſure rocks the thoughts of man aſleepe,
Whil'ſt for the ſin of man, mans ſoule doth weepe.
This ſleepe of ſinne, on man ſuch hold doth take,
That heauens thunder cannot him awake;
No more then can a roring Cannons cracke,
A Drunkard from his deadly ſleepe awake.
Some haue their minde with pride ſo full poſſeſt,
That in that Manſion meekneſſe cannot reſt;
Nor can Content, or Patience therein dwell,
For contraries, their contraries expell.
A complete Gallant none is now reputed,
Except in euery faſhion he be ſuted,
Doe ſweare, carouſe, and be a Veneriſt,
A perfect Gameſter, and Tobacconiſt,
Can quaintly kiſſe the hand, and make a face,
And haue his Trunke lying in eu'ry place.
To giue the ſtabbe for eu'ry croſſe word ſpoken,
Is counted now of valour a true token.
To grace each fond phraſe with a ful mouth'd oath,
Is counted good, and carri'geable both,
And ſome through habite of this filthy ſinne,
Their ſpotleſſe ſoules haue ſo defilde within,
That they all ſence and feeling haue forgot, (blot.
Both of their ſoules foule ſtaine, and mindes foule
Pride is accompted cleanlineſſe to be,
And Couetouſneſſe is call'd good husbandry:
Drunkards are termed now good companie,
And ſwearing is a gallaut qualitie:
Craftineſſe is accompted Policie,
And Riot chriſtend Liberality.
To take a purſe is counted lawfull purchaſe,
To keepe a whore is counted lawfull ſolace.

Content

Content, and Patience are accompted toyes,
Not meete for men, but fit for fooles and boyes.
Honesty is deemed but simplicitie,
Gods word a thing of no necessity.
Plaine dealing proues a begger in the end,
And scarce can find one true and faithfull friend.
Time-eating Sloth, Flesh-pleasing Venery,
All-vttering Drinke, panch-swelling Gluttony,
Fretting Impatience, Anger, and such like
A man with time-lesse death do often strike,
Wide-gaping Auarice, squint-ey'd suspition,
Thred-bare vnthriftinesse, swelling Ambition,
Hurt soule, and body: therefore them eschewe;
But what we are forbid, that still we doe:
Pale-sneaking Enuy, venome-spitting Spite,
How many in you two do take delight?
A quipping spirit, and a stabbing tongue,
In wronging others, do themselues most wrong.
Lynx-ey'd Dislike, and scornfull-proud Disdaine,
Do alwayes in the feebleſt brests remaine.
And selfe-consuming Spight her selfe doth kill,
Becauſe she cannot haue her canckred will:
High-climbing Pride, selfe-loue & capering vanity,
Rash-wits, loose-wils, loue toyes, and fading beauty,
These do as streightly curb mans free-borne minde,
As Gyues, and Manacles the prisoners binde.
Poore Prisoners that distressed in their Gyues,
Wish libertie with losses of their liues.
Eden was free, where first ordained light
Gaue the first clay-made *Adam* grace of sight.
Thus men may fetch their ancient liberty,
From the first ribbes of all antiquitie.

Which

Which with the wicked world increasing still,
Hath turn'd his Christian title, to a will.
Yet Gods permission sufferreth euery yeere,
Mans pleasure, and *Mayes* plenty to appeare.
The dewes of grace beyond all earths deserts,
Giue wisdome to our soules, life to our hearts.
Of these great fauours greatly may we make,
Some for the gift, more for the giuers sake.
Men say our soule is prisoner in the flesh,
And yet her keeper she doth still refresh,
Which lying dead in earth, she flyes on high,
To glorious home, of heauenly libertie.
Meane while she may haue liberty of grace,
To make good vse of this her little space,
Little and short by Kalenders, make thrift
Of this best time, whose wings, though short, are swift:
Let no man build new Castles in the ayre,
Or promise blisse in *Cassiopeias* chaire;
It may be, things will mend in *Plutoes* yeere,
Or else more fortunate aspects appeare.
A fortunes fauorite fauour shall not want,
Yet shall a scholler finde such fauour scant.
Riches shall haue both cappe, and knee together,
But naked Learning shall be sure of neither.
Th'offence which doth the vulgar sort defame,
Is greater in great men, though fault the same.
For baseneſſe should not lodge in noble breſts,
And vices are for them vnfitting gueſts.
Like as in summer snow is not conuenient,
No more then raine in Winter is expedient:
Euen so small boates, and sayles do not agree,

Whose largenesse for great ships farre fitter be.
He is not free that is a slaue to vice,
Nor he that lets vaine pleasures him entice:
No more then he that is with Irons chained,
And of his bodies libertie restrained:
Nay, not so much, for he may vertuous be,
In spite of spight, and all captiuitie,
When th'other cannot master his affection,
But yeelds himselfe to euery base subiection,
Forgetting that he is the chiefest creature,
Indu'd with reason, by th'instinct of nature:
Whereas all other creatures else beside,
Haue only sense, (not reason) for their guide,
And yet there are some creatures farre excell
Man, both in senses, and in doing well.
The busie Bee, and wise fore-casting Ant,
Toyle, and take paines, because they will not want:
And in the Spring and fatnesse of the yeare;
The one brings home, the other corne doth beare,
Th'one to his hiue, the other to his home,
Because it is too late when Winter's come
To toyle, and therefore whilst the time doth serue
They work, lest they through idlenes should starue.
May not young men blush, and ashamed be,
To be condemned by the Ant, and Bee,
Of Sloth and Time-consuming idlenesse,
Which driues old age to want, and great distresse?
Let him that is a Gentle-man by birth,
Leaue to the Hine the tillage of the earth;
And let the Hine which is of low degree,
Leaue to the Gentle-man each quality,

That Noble is, yet let them both take paine.
To get in youth that may their age maintaine,
Sloth is the filthieſt ſinne of all the ſeauen,
It is ſo ſlow, 'twill neuer goe to heauen:
Heauen's a great way hence, but hell 's hard by,
Thither goes Sloth, becauſe it is ſo nigh:
Beſides, for want of labour and paines-taking,
His limbes haue got ſo great a colde and quaking,
That he to goe to hell hath ſuch deſire,
Becauſe that there he ſhall be ſure of fire,
To warme himſelfe: moreouer ſloth doth know it,
He needs not take the paines as once to blow it:
This Sloth, this ſinne, this ſnaile, this moth of Time,
So ſlow and heauy is, it cannot climbe
To Heauen, but for hell it is more fit,
And lightly falls into that lightleſſe pit.
For heauy things by nature do deſcend,
Like as light things by nature vpward tend:
And therefore pride by nature being light,
Would mount to heauen were't not for ſinnes huge weight,
Which ſinks him downe into the depth of hell,
And ſo (by force) doth Natures courſe expell.
Enuy is leaden humor'd, and not light,
And therefore cannot ſcale the heauens hight,
For Heauen is a place diuine and holy;
And therefore farre vnfit for melancholy,
Who neuer caſts his eyes vp towards heauen,
As though the hope of it were quite bereauen,
But euer down-ward lookes, as who would ſay,
Beneath (and not aboue) his pleaſures lay.
And let bloud-boyling wrath his chollar ceaſe,

For Heauen is a place for quiet peace,
No discords there, the very Spheares agree,
And make a most melodious harmonie.
Let all-deuouring Gluttony go dwell
In *Erebus* amongst the fiends of hell,
For why, he is so pursie and so fatte:
That he can neuer reach to heauen gate,
Or if he do, he must without abide,
For heauen gate is streight, and nothing wide.
And therefore Gluttony without must stay,
And Drunkennesse can neuer hit the way,
It is so narrow there, and there he reeles,
And then a stick, or stone trips vp his heeles,
And downe he falls, he is so very drunke,
And lyes stone-still, like to a senseleſſe trunk;
Then hauing drunke of wine, and ale such plenty,
His ouer-charged stomacke he doth emptie,
And cast vp all that he hath drunke before,
And wallowes in it like a swine; nay more,
Hee's sicke, his stomack's gone he cannot eat,
And hath no appetite vnto his meate,
He knows not what he doth, his wits do faile him,
And yet he cannot tell what thing doth aile him.
O pardon me, although I thus inueigh
Against this filthy sinne (the sence decay)
The finest wits are soonest ouerthrowne,
And with the tide of Drunkennesse o're-flowne:
It is a sinne that hath the least delight,
It is a sinne most odious to the sight,
It is the mother of Contention,
It stirres vp strife, and makes dissention,

It doth bewray the ſecrets of the heart,
The bodies bane, the ſoules eternall ſmart.
And laſtly, when as men haue drunke their fill,
To lechery they are inclined ſtill,
And Heauen is no place for Lechery,
For Heauen is the ſeate of Chaſtitie.
Then can no ſinners ſoule to Heauen aſcend,
Except by true Repentance he amend.
O then let man not ſpend his time in vaine,
But ſo, that he ſaluation may obtaine!
Time hath his vſe, and Time hath his abuſe,
The latter can admit no iuſt excuſe.
Time was not made to be miſ-ſpent in ſinne,
But that our ſoules thereby might Heauen win,
In ſpending it in vertue, and not vice,
Which doth our yeelding ſenſes ſoone entice.
So that we waſte it like a bagge of treaſure,
What we on profit ſhould, we ſpend on pleaſure.
Time is a treaſure if it be well vſed,
But 'tis our ſoules accuſer if abuſed;
What anſwere can we make, or what excuſe,
How we haue ſpent our Time, to what good vſe
We haue employed our talent, ſhall we ſay?
We haue miſ-pent our time, in toyes, and play,
In vanity, in vice, and wickedneſſe?
Is it enough our follies to confeſſe?
Say that a Rich ſhould lend a poore-man treaſure,
To doe him good, and he on fooliſh pleaſure
Should waſte it all (wheras if he had ſpent it,
To that intent for which the rich man lent it:
Beſide the good which he thereby might gaine,

He able were to pay it back againe)
Is it enough(although he make great mone)
To ſay, it's loſt, it's waſted, ſpent and gone?
Will not the Rich-man into priſon caſt him,
Vntill that want and miſery do waſte him?
God is the Rich-man, man the poore man is,
Time is the treaſure which he ſpends amiſſe,
(In ſinne, in vice, in wickedneſſe, and euill,)
Hell is the Iayle, the Iayler is the Diuell.
Then he that doth not vſe this treaſure well,
Let him aſſure himſelfe to goe to hell,
Except the Lord(in mercy)do forgiue him,
Or graunt him true repentance to relieue him.
Let vs make much of Time as of great treaſure,
And not conſume it ſo in ſinfull pleaſure:
Rather then loſe Time, treaſure had I leuer,
Treaſure may be recouer'd, Time can neuer.
A poore-man(that is poore through his owne folly,)
May (through his after-thrift) recouer wholly
What he before did loſe, ſo cannot he
That loſes Time, and Opportunitie.
Time ouer-goes the Swallow in her flight:
And hath a thouſand wings to make him light,
Nothing can Time with-ſtand, nor triumph o're him,
He hath a ſyth and cuts downe all before him:
In Time the Tower that ouerlooketh all,
Is ruinous, and on the ground doth fall.
In Time the monument of laſting Braſſe
So weares, that one can ſcarce tell where it was:
What thing is ſofter then the liquid water?
Or harder then a Rocke? yet (ne're the later)

The Sea in Time doth make the hard Rocke hollow:
So ſtrange are thoſe effects which Time doth follow.
In Time the Babe that's carried all about,
Becomes a man both luſty, ſtrong, and ſtout;
Againe in Time he growes to be ſo old,
That he is faine (his weake limbes to vphold)
To haue a ſtaffe: thus Time, as we may ſee,
Gouernes, and rules all things that mortall be.
The Time once paſt, will not returne againe,
Neither for high eſtate, nor lowly Swaine:
The King command, the ſubiect may entreat;
He neither feares the Kings command nor threat,
Nor heares his ſute which doth moſt humbly pray him,
Time is ſo peremptory none can ſtay him:
Time ought to be eſteem'd and reuerenced,
By reaſon of his age and hoary head:
Time is a married man and hath a wife,
'Twixt whom and him there neuer happens ſtrife.
The wife of Time is Opportunitie,
To him, by her, three children borne there be,
Patience, *Experience*, and the third is *Truth*;
Time did beget theſe children in his youth,
Vpon his chaſte wife Opportunitie:
She hath two Hand-maydes, the one's *Humility*,
The other *Thankfulneſſe*, their ſeruants three,
Prouidence, *Diligence*, and *Prudence* be.
Their neighbours names are *Loue* and *Liberalitie*,
(The meane 'twixt *Auarice*, and *Prodigalitie*)
Temperance, *Iuſtice*, *Fortitude* the reſt,
Theſe neighbor nigh them, and theſe loue the beſt.
But long agoe, before that *Time* did marry,

Fooliſh

Fooliſh Affection did his minde ſo carrie,
That he on Fancy was enamored,
(That moſt inconſtant Dame) on whom he bred
Three Baſtards, whoſe right names I will repeat,
Excuſe, *Procraſtination* and *Deceit*.
Two hand-maids Fancy hath, the one is Pride,
The other is Vnthankfulneſſe; beſide
Fancie, and Time, three ſeruants haue attend them,
(Seruants which mans chief enemy did lend them.)
The firſt is Careleſneſſe, the ſecond Sloth,
The third is Extreme want, worſe then them both;
Three neighbours haue they, ſo experience ſaith,
Pouerty, Infamy, and Shamefull death.
Thus much for Time, and for the vſe thereof,
At which perhaps ſome Humoriſts will ſcoffe,
And ſay, How idly doth he waſte his rime,
And ſpend his time, in ſtanding thus on Time?
To them I anſwere, and to them I ſay,
Nay rather (led by folly) how do they?
How idlely do they ſpend their Time, mans treaſure,
In ſpending it on vanity and pleaſure,
On gay apparrell, following euery faſhion,
And imitating (Ape-like) euery nation?
Some-times the French, ſome-times the Spaniſh hatte,
Some-times the crowne is ſharp, ſometimes 'tis flat,
Some-times a deepe ſtarcht ruffe doth ſtiffly ſtand,
Some-times a little narrow falling band,
Some-times their doublets doe but caſe the skinne,
Some-times they thruſt a pound of bombaſte in,
Some-times their hoſe are ſtreight, ſometime th are wide,
O the Mindes folly, and the bodies pride!

Pride

Pride will be fine, or ſhe her goods will pawne,
Her painted Charriot is with Peacocks drawne.
Pride lookes aloft, ſtill ſtaring on the ſtarres,
Yet ſome-times into want (at vnawares)
She falles, and then what other doth betide,
But Pouerty? the iuſt reward of Pride.
Mans ſoule hath reaſon, and his ſence hath will,
The one doth counſaile good, the other ill:
Reaſon doth ſhew vs vertues, gifts and graces
Will ſhew vs pleaſures, which the fleſh imbraces.
Proud ſinfull fleſh, the priſon of the ſoule,
That dares his heauenly Goddeſſe to controle:
Whoſe will a weede in faireſt garden growne,
Choakes all the ſweeteſt flowers by nature ſowne,
Nay ſowne by God, till in the ſpring of *May*,
The great'ſt Creator both of Night and Day,
Firſt Gard'ner planted Man, the firſt liue clay,
To make in *Eden* an eternall *May*:
But there it dyed: and there my Muſe ſhall reſt.
And am I not 'mong Satyres chiefly bleſt,
That end ſo well in paſſing ouer vice,
That I ſhall make an end in Paradice?

FINIS.